

June 19, 2009 Ah, hello, Charlie,

I'm back. By the way, I'm writing this on Publisher; so I can't email it since most people. I know do not have Publisher to accept it. Do you? At any rate, I am assuming that you do not have your computer at camp. True?

Back to the actual Aunt Patti adventure

When Gina knelt down on the floating pier and "asked", "ath, are you all right" I found that I still could not speak So I just stared at her as hard as I could, trying to tread water and stay afloat., Gina got the message. She stood, jumped in the water and swam over to me using breast stroke so that she could keep an eye on me the whole time. Then she gave me instructions on how to put my hands on her shoulders while she did breast stroke to swim me in. All I could think about was how weird it was to be saved by a person who did not know that I had taken all those courses in water rescue and here I was being told how to act. This was indeed, a lesson learned.

Fast forward to the fact that the dive had not only hurt my face (I have no evidence of that now) but it greatly hurt my: left shoulder when I hit the log underwater. This very day, .1, have the left shoulder scar that two surgeries later brought back to reality. Except for the fact that after all that, I could no longer compete in face-in (such as free style or breaststroke or butterfly {my favorite) competitive races. To this date I, therefore am a back stroke person, very happy to at least have that!

Now you must write me and tell me all about your adventures at your first camp experience. I assume that Ian is not there with you and that this is a "girls only" camp. The fact of the matter is that your parents are making possible for you, the best experience possible in Life. Enjoy.

Hugs and Love, Aunt Patti